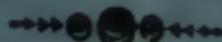


No. 11.

RHYMES

FOR

THE NURSERY.



CONCORD, N. H.

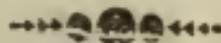
RUFUS MERRILL.

1843.

RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.



A good child will do quite well,
Will learn to read, to write and spell,
Go soon to bed—be soon to rise,
Twill tend to make him good and wise.



CONCORD, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY R. MERRILL.

1843.

THE ALPHABET.

A B C D E F G

H I J K L M N

O P Q R S T U

V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g

h i j k l m n

o p q r s t u

v w x y z

Stop! stop! pretty Water.

'Stop, stop, pretty water,'

Said Harry one day

To a frolicsome brook,

'That was running away

'You run on so fast—

I wish you would stay;

My boat and my flowers

You will carry away.

'But I will run after,

Mother says that I may;

For I want to know where

You are running away.'

So Harry ran on;

But I have heard say

That he never could find

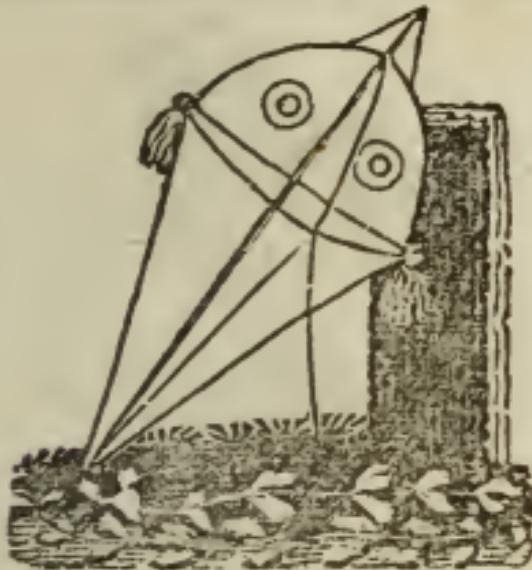
Where the brook ran away.



The pleasant Spring has come
again,

The pretty birds are here ;
The grass grows in the gentle
rain,
And buds and flowers appear.

I love to see the sky so clear,
And all things look so gay ;
The fairest month in all the year
Is sweet and sonny May.



O look at my kite!
Almost out of sight;
How pretty it flies,
Right up to the skies!

Pretty kite! pretty kite!
Almost out of sight,
Pray what do you spy
In the bright blue sky?

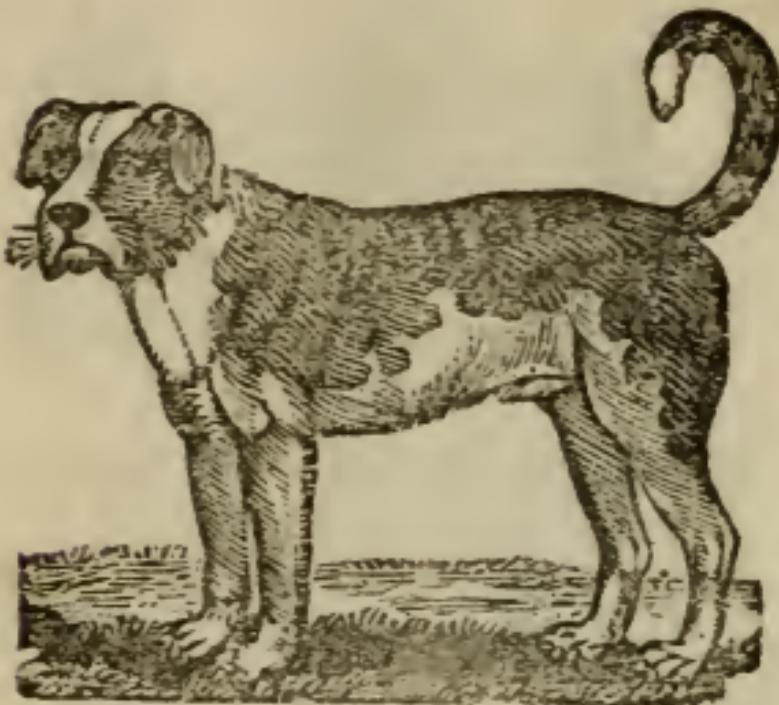


'Where is my little Kitty gone?
Said Charley boy one day;
'I guess some little boy or girl
Has taken her away.

'O mother, mother! come and
look!
See what a little heap'
My Kitty's in the drawer here,
All cuddled down to sleep.'



How very busy are the bees
 In filling up their store !
 From them, dear mother, I ~~may~~
 learn
 To love my work still more.
 And always, when I see the bees,
 I may some good obtain ;
 Remembering that idleness
 Will give dear mother pain.
 In books or work, or healthful
 play,
 Let my first years be past,
 That I may give for every day,
 Some good account at last.



I love to see a noble dog,
And pat him on the head;
So prettily he wags his tail,
Whenever he is fed.

Then I will never beat my dog,
Nor ever give him pain;
But good and kind I'll be to him,
And he'll love me again.



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